

delicate white tulips, and the violet *penguicula*
so common
on our moorlands. Mares with mule foals
were grazing
at a height of over 9000 feet.

The Khan of Eustam-i, married to a
daughter of the
Ilkliani, "called." He is very intelligent, has
some idea
of conversation, and was very pleasant and communi-
cative. He says the "Bakhtiaris love
fighting, and if
there's a fight can't help taking sides, and if
they have
not guns fight with stones," and that "one
Bakhtiari can
beat ten Persians"! I asked him if he
thought there
would be fighting at Chigakhor, and he said it
was very
likely, and he and his retainers would take
the Ilkani's
side. He showed me with great pleasure a
bullet wound
in his ankle, and another in his head,
where a piece
of the skull had been removed. He wishes
that "the
English " would send them a doctor. " We
would gladly
receive even a *Kafir*" he said. Mirza politely
translated
this word Christian. He says they "suffer so
much in
dying from want of knowledge." I explained to
him the
virtues of some of their own medicinal herbs,
and he at
once sent his servant to gather them, and
having identi-
fied them he wrote down their uses and the
modes of
preparing them.

With the Khan was his prim little son,
already, at
ten years old, a bold rider and a good shot,
the pale
auburn-haired boy whom his grandmother,
the Ilkhani's
principal wife, offered me as a present if I
would cure
him of deafness, debility, and want of
appetite! I gave

him a large bottle of a clandestinely-made decoction of a very bitter wormwood, into which I put with much ceremony, after the most approved fashion of a charlatan, some tabloids of *nux vomica* and of permanganate of potash. When I saw him at the fort of Chigakhor he was not any better, but since, probably from leading a healthier life than in Ardal, he has greatly improved, and